



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

Trending tragedy



37 7 6

Chapter 1 by Gounaitory

10:45

We are going to take off in 15 minutes, I guess. This is what captain said. It's my first trip to the West. I always flied in the opposite direction, to East. And it's first time I am traveling with my pet. It's a good day. I put my headphones on and start to check people around me..

Chapter 2 by intellikat



10:53

He touches my elbow. Excuse me. I noticed you were reading my favourite author. Really? Yes. He pulls out a worn copy of the same author, but an earlier novel. He's alright, in't he? Yeah, I like him too. What's your name. Nadia. Tim. A less-than-formal handshake that elicits a mutual titter. Where are you headed? Final destination? Oh. I have an aunt in the midwest. Kansas City. Really? My apologies. Another exchange of laughter. You visit her often? No, no. It's my first time to the US, actually. Really? No shit. Yes. Everyone says what you say. They laugh when they hear I am spending three months in Kansas. Aww, I'm kidding. The city's alright. I've been

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

12:22

I wake from dozing. I've never been on a flight this long before. There's a flight attendant here, asking what I'd like to drink. I go ahead and ask for red wine. In the interim, my companion has occupied himself with novel and white earbuds so I gently nudge him. He asks the attendant for a Heineken. The attendant smiles; a pretty woman. He smiles back, and I suddenly have a strange pang of jealousy. How silly. At the same time, what a surprise. He's flipping through the in-flight menu. They keep you stuffed. Stuffed? Yeah. Feeding you constantly. Lights on, light off. Drink this, drink that. Movies to watch, games to play. Try to keep your body a bit confused at to what time it actually is. Of course there is no actual time "it is". Crossing so many time zones helps remind you of that fact. You are a philosopher, I smile. Everyone's a philosopher, he responds, naturally. We just forget how. Sometimes it takes a jolt to remind us. The airplane shook for a second with turbulence, and the light came on above. That not exactly what I meant, he says, smiling. He leans over and looks me directly in the eye. What if we knew this flight was going to be our last? What if we knew the exact moment of our death was to come here, over the ocean? How would that change things? That's a morbid thought, I replied, the smile still there, but lessened. Is it? I think about death often. It helps me define how I live. He looked down at my puppy, sleeping peacefully in his carrying case below. Cute puppy. What's their name? Take a guess. Not Paul? Yes, Paul. Ha, ha. You really do like his writing don't you? Enough to name my dog after him. The plane shudders again and the chief steward's voice crackles over the PA system.

Chapter 4 by intellikat



12:34

The turbulence continues. Longer than anyone would like. The food carts have been stowed. No attendants in sight. I've never felt a plane shudder so. Even the captain has stopped speaking now. The passengers are terrifyingly quiet, except for a baby. I look over at him. His hands are folded on his chest. He looks at me; a smile. It will be okay. I'm not so sure. No matter what... it will be okay. He puts a hand onto mine and in contrast to its warmth I realise how cold my own

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

no matter what it will be

/

\

]

.

.\

,

..\

\

./

Chapter 5 by intellikat



8:22am

Her voice, like a dull pair of scissors cutting through tin foil. My mother. Her dull clumping feet on the floor below. Wake up, wake up she calls like a jackdaw, like a boring old buzzard if they too make a noise to fit their awful visage. I roll over in bed again and reach for my mobile phone with clattering hands. Hungover, finding the phone and bringing it close to my face to see because my contact lenses are out and my thick glasses are in the tiny bathroom of this renovated space on the second floor of my parents' barn as well. I'm up already, please. I strain back to her, restraining the anger. I feel guilty for the anger and frustration, for I am a guest in my parents' home, or in their barn. And yet I cannot help the feelings. No messages on the phone, no emails of note. Flipping open the news feed I see that a plane has gone down in the Atlantic. American Airlines Flight 219. A large plane with hundreds of passengers. It's not clear why. I look through my Twitter feed and over to Facebook. There are friends, and then friends

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

halfway through college and upon graduation I had no ambitions or drives, finding myself back in my hometown and living in the top floor of a barn. I have no job. And no car. I have no ambitions. I think of myself as overweight, and foolish-looking. For these things I am angry with my parents as well, though I know this in nothing they could control. Perhaps my depression is linked to them as well. Who cares. Why dwell on it. I lift myself to sitting and think of my mother preparing herself for Mass. I think of my father sitting blankly at the kitchen table. I scroll through my phone once again. There is someone I know, or knew in school. Her father was on Flight 219. Oh shit. I strain to recall her. Her face. I remember we had History small group together. Well that sucks. Horrible really. I consider posting something to her wall. But nothing comes to mind that doesn't seem misplaced or stupid. I wish that I felt more and understood people more. I struggle to comprehend how others think and feel, and for this I often alienate myself.

Atop my bedside stand is a copy of Paul Auster's "Moon Palace", and I throw my phone back onto it. Perhaps I will go to Mass with my parents. Perhaps this is the day to change.

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account